FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About

Their Old Campaigns.

FORT HARRISON.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In your paper of March 22, 1888, you printed a description I wrote of the capture of Fort Harrison on Sept. 29, 1864, by the First Division, Eighteenth Corps. This was written after having twice, by authority of the Secretary of War, gone over all the papers in the War Department bearing on the action, and made up a tabulated list of killed and wounded from the nominal casualty lists, and after much correspondence, extending over years, with officers and men of both sides who were at the fight. People continued, however, to fire "Random Shots," and in reply to one of those I wrote a letter, printed in your issue of may 24, 1886, in which I said: "The only reason I take any notice of this is, because I wish to attract the attention of the numerous readers of your valuable paper to the loose way in which people make statements as to events and persons about which they know nothing, and for which they have no authority." This, repeated with more emphasis, is why I notice an article in the "Picket Shots" column of your issue of Oct. 18, 1888, which only recently came to my attention, along with several other numbers scenmulated while I was on my fall hunt and while busy on my return, in which C. W. Clayberger, Co. G, 188th Pa., says W. L. Graul planted the first flag on Fort Harrison, and mentions as eye-witnesses "Col. Given, Serg't Dennison and Private Clayberger," defies anyone to meet the 188th "at Fort Harrison and prove who is right about this matter," and says I am mistaken, "for Serg't Graul planted the blue State flag of the 188th Pa. long before the Stars and Stripes appeared on the fort." That he is one of the persons I mention above is apparent upon reading what he says in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of a week or two later, where he explains that "what he intended to may was that Corp'l Grant planted the Stars and Stripes on the fort long before the blue State flag was handed to him." Everybody in our brigade knew at the time that the blue State flag of the 188th Pa. was the first flag on Fort Harrison, and that I, of the 58th Pa., carried it there. By the time the flag was, as Clayberger says, "handed to him," which was after I had carried it in and was done with it, there were plenty of flags in the fort. It is not necessary to go to Fort Harrison to determine so simple a matter. My account of the fight was not published as a part of any petty controversy going on among a lot of the "Random Shots" people, but to give them information on a sub-(formerly Colonel 58th Pa.,) Brevet Brigadier-

Pa. in the service of the United States, and was day, and was the senior officer present with the regiment during the assault on Fort Harrison. The Division (the First Division, Eighteenth Corps) was formed in three columns, each of the three brigades being in column by division, with a regiment in line at the head. The 58th Pa. was in line at the head of the Third Brigade column. Fort Harrison was rectangular; three sides protected by a large duch and heavy parapet, the rear or fourth side open so as to be commanded from the next line; a luge traverse dividing the interior into two equal parts. The Third Brigade was on the right of the Division, and struck the fort on the angle furthest from the river, so that the 58th in line overlapped the angle, swung around to the left and high enough to look over and see a number of men standing rendy to fire, when a shot struck Billy neross the forehead, he fell over against me and we both rolled back into the ditch. The blood ran into Billy's eyes so he could not see, and I then took from him the blue State flag of the 188th Pa., which he had carried when we first climbed the parapet, having picked it up when its proper bearer was shot, and climbed the parapet, he pushing and helping me. Meantime Private Otis Coped, of Co. F, and Lieut. Johnson, of the 58th, had climbed up ahead of me. Copeland was shot and killed; Johnson, already hit in one arm, was shot in the other, jumped down inside the fort, took the two wounds while on the parapet, and when I jumped down on the banquette, a third. When Copeland, Johnson and I mounted the parapet not asked him to cut off my gloves and sleeves and see how much damage had been done. While he was that I carried the first flag on the work: "It was sired, copied and returned. the State flag of the 188th Pa. At that time he was severely wounded. * * While I was cutting his before they called for it." In a letter addressed to Harrison "I carried in the first color." Gen. Weitzel indorsed on this: "Jan. 12, 1839.—Dear General:

* * He did all that he claims to have done.

* Yours, truly, G. Weitzel." Gen. Weitzel took command of the corps not long after Gen. Ord was wounded, having hurried up from Fortress in which he said: "The Third Brigade was the first in the work, and you took the first Union flag upon the breastworks, which happened to be one belonging to the 188th Pa. * * * These are all plain facts, which no one would have thought of denying at the time." CECIL CLAY. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, A. D. 1889

General, Washington, D. C.

[SEAL] FRANK A. BRANAGAN, Notary Public. A Plea for Prentiss's Division.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Having read the article, McCook's Division at Shiloh, by Comrade Lee, 41st Ill., I would like to make a few remarks. The subject in dispute seems to be, Who saved the day at Shiloh? I would infer from the absence of any mention of Gen. Prentiss's Division in that connection that they have been forgotten. It is not my intention to rap any comrade over the knuckles for his opinion, but I shall observe strict justice for all. I do believe, and shall make the claim, that Gen. Prentiss's Division did as much toward saving the day at Shiloh as any other. To support my claim I will reason thus: The

line of battle was broken at 2:30 o'clock, and within an bour's time, or less, we were surrounded on three sides, the side next to Corof the enemy there until 5:30 o'clock, the time was address of silk, with that expanse birds of the air become demoral we surrendered the rebels marched off in great | right stands a short Corporal, with musket at | to fly away, but remained screeching for their been near or quite 10,000 of them. Now, the point I want to make is that if we had retreated at the time the line was broken or had surrendered sooner, that last assault the comrade speaks of could have been made two hours earlier, and with much more vigor; also possibly a second assault before night. The result of course can only be guessed at. The rebels knew Buell was coming, and their main hope was to crush Grant's army before Buell got there. When they failed in their last assault they knew reinforcements would be in line before they could make another. I was never an admirer of Gen. Buell, but I was, and am still. a great admirer of the army he brought to

In conclusion, I would say to Comrade Lee that every such thrust as that against Buell's army pierces as true and loyal hearts as the run over." G.A.R. has in its ranks. We have some ofthem in our Post, and they are often heard to | yesterday afternoon with my hat on my ear remark that they have never received the eredit they deserved at Shiloh. I believe every command there did its whole duty, and if one did more than another it was because his opportunity was better. Comrades, we will soon pass away, and let us agree that there was glory enough at Shiloh to go around without placking a single diamond from the crown of any command there.-WM. HOOKER, Co. A, 23d Mo., Ionia, Kan.

Very True. |Buston Courier.]

Stern Parent-Young man, I am astounded at your impudence. You seek to marry my have been swindled, drugged, licked, knocked daughter knowing her to be wealthy in her out, stepped on, robbed and rolled in the mud, own right, while you haven't a cent. Self-Possessed Youth-That's all right. for the rest of the year, Officer, forgive me What's the need of my having money when and sometimes think kindly of me when I am she has plenty?

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

KING'S DIVISION.

A Comrade of the Second Brigade Eulogizes Gen. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The writer has been much interested in reading the articles in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE concerning the individual experiences of the boys in blue. The relation of their hair-breadth escapes by flood and field awakens vivid memories of the days that are no more. Our comrades are, however, somewhat inclined to push things to extremes. We respectfully submit that further discussion as to who killed Jack-Col. Clay Again Makes Claim to Planting the First | son will be profitless. He has been killed by Pennsylvanians and New Yorkers; by men from Michigan and Massachusetts. Surely he is dead enough. Column after column has been surrendered to the discussion of this impossible problem, and we are no nearer a solution than when the "Boy Spy" propounded the unfortunate conundrum. It is a problem in which all the quantities are unknown. Anyone at all familiar with the circumstances of

Jackson's death can readily see that even at that time it was impossible to ascertain who fired the fatal shot, and that any speculation on the subject at this late day is wholly unprofitable. Aside from the articles on Jackson's death. Providential Spring, DeGress's Battery, and some other subjects which have become sadly threadbare, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has given us a large number of papers which deserve to rank among the best contributions to the history of the war. Among these were the articles of Gen. John Pope on the "Army of Virginia." Gen. Pope was the much-abused commander of a much-abused army; in fact, for 26 years he has been the best-abused officer that ever rendered faithful service to a thankless country. His articles, both in The

sal the mind is insensibly carried back to the The paper on "Salisbury Prison" is no less valuable than interesting. It is a contribution to the history of the war which possesses much worth. It was never my fortune to serve the United States in a rebel prison; and the thrilling picture of the horrors of Salisbury has made such an impression on my mind that I can never be sufficiently thankful for that fleetness of foot which, on some occasions, must have been instrumental in preserving me

minuteness of detail, and a power of descrip-

tion so vigorous and exact, that in their peru-

from a similar experience. I took much pleasure in reading how a comrade of the 147th N. Y. "played parson" in Gettysburg. I belonged to the Second Brigade of the First Division, First Corps. King's old division was well known in the army, and has received well-merited praise from Gen. Pope, and also from Gen. D. H. Hill, of the Confederate service. Most writers of late times, however, lavish their eulogies on the Iron Brigade. Well, it deserves praise-all that has been or can be bestowed upon it, for a braver body of troops never went forth to battle. We have ject as to which they betrayed much ignorance, the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century I heart grows tender with the memory of one cherished friend of the 2d Wis., whose life, charmed hitherto, ebbed out with the current I. Ceell Clay, do swear that on the 29th day of | of his blood in the tangled jungle of the Wilder-September, A. D. 1864, I was a Captain in the 58th | ness. Whether the brigade was any more "iron" than the Second is an open question. with my command at Chapin's Farm, Va., on that | They did not exceed the boys of the 56th Pa. in ferruginous qualities on the expedition to Brandy Station and Beverly Ford, as some of the 2d and 6th Wis. will remember. However,

The writer would like to read something more from the members of the Second Brigade of King's Division. It was composed of the 76th, 95th and 147th N. Y., the 7th Ind. and 56th Pa. Afterwards the 107th and 121st Pa. were added to it. It was commanded successively by Donbleday, Rice, Cutler and Hofmann, and rendered distinguished services went over the parapet. The first two men of the brigade who mounted the parapet were Billy Boorke, of Co. B. 58th Pa., and I. We climbed up Groveton, South Mountain, the first and second Groveton, South Mountain, the first and second days at Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and Weldon

Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Station, Beverly Ford, Sulphur Springs, Gainesville, Groveton and other engagements would afford matter for interesting personal memoirs. What a record it is! What a list of honorable battles -some of them the most tremendous ever waged, and none of them insignificant. The writer would before now have attempted a history of the brigade but for the unfortunate loss first two prisoners taken there, and was then knocked down by a shot in the breast. I received brigade can furnish him with copies of their diaries kept during the war, he will be grateful. If some should have kept no diary, but another person was to be seen on it. A few min- can give from memory any data, fact or date utes after I received my third wound I stopped | concerning any battle in which they were en-Serg't Nathaniel McKown, of Co. B, 58th Pa., and gaged, he will duly appreciate it. Please send them, no matter how trivial they may appear, for they may serve to confirm other facts and doing that I stood the flag against the parapet close to us, and it stood there for some time before render clear what would without them be obt was turned over to the 188th people. Serg't | scure. Any diary, paper or copy intrusted to McKown, in a recent letter to me, says, after stating | him will be carefully preserved, and, if de-

Nearly 24 years have elapsed since I saw any gloves off from his bleeding arms it was leaning against the parapet. * * The colors of the souls," but I often fondly think of those with 188th Pa. was there by my side for some little time | whom I shared the toils and dangers of a heroic Gen. Ord, dated Dec. 30, 1879, I stated that at Fort struggle that was but the presage of a brighter and serener day. -E. R. GRAHAM, Grand Pass,

Recollections of Miss Cline.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade Kuhl's article in an issue of a few months ago Monroe, and knew all about this matter. On Jan.
31, 1884, Gen. S. H. Roberts, who as Colonel of the 29th N. Y. commanded the Third Brigade at Fort Harrison, wrote me a long letter about the action, to my mind an incident connected therewith, which came under my observation, and which possibly may be of sufficient interest to your readers to warrant its publication.

> ticle I sat for some photographs at the gallery of Barr & Young, calling for them a few days | P. Carlin, Cruft, Sedgwick and Kirby to comlater, and while waiting for some finishing | mand the regiments, and all became Generals. touches to be given them who should march | Other brigades may have marched farther and in but this radiant damsel, flanked on either ate more chickens, but where is the single side by a soldier duly armed and equipped. | brigade that produced more and better Gen-She asked if her pictures were ready. The erals? person in attendance told her they were, and My reason for thinking that I was the only on receiving them departed with her guard, one left who could write, is that I never be printed without a special order from her, (the best friend of the soldier) from any of as they were intended for her friends only. the members of the 21st and 38th Ill., How well that injunction was observed you | the 15th Wis., the 101st and 90th Ohio. But paying therefor the modest sum of 50 cents in | their charge on the evening of Dec. 30, 1862. current scrip of the day, and it now occupies a | Comrade Wright should be more modest in his

> before me as I write. with an exceedingly high forehead, with his piece at an "order." My recollection is that whether the soldier was dead or alive. My comdoing provost duty in the city at the time.

Can Comrade Kuhl tell who made the arrest First Lieutenaut, 47th U. S. C. T., Newton,

But He Was Mistaken. Detroit Free Press. "Can I speak to you a moment?" quietly

Third street depot the other day. all battered up. You look as if you had been

"Don't you remember that I landed here over there. "Oh, ves."

"I told you I was no hayseed." "Yes, you did." "And that flies didn't stay on me."

"And that the man who took me for a Spring chicken would get left."

"Well, I want to apologize to you." "To me? What for?" "For treating your fatherly advice with

scorn and contempt. I thought I had seen the elephant. I boasted that I knew the ropes. I and am going home to drink pumpkin tonic far, far away."

REMINISCENCES. Harper's Ferry and Knowville.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reading the ommunications of Comrade Wm. H. Nichola where, I was forcibly reminded of the anxiety of our regiment (60th Ohlo) to also cut its way out of Harper's Ferry on the night before the surrender-Sept. 14, 1862. But we were ordered to remain and hold Bolivar Hights at all hazards, and we did stay and hold them until about o'clock the next morning, when we, with about 12,000 others, laid down our arms in surrender to Gen. Stonewall Jackson. For several cavalry that had left us on the night of the 14th, but we soon heard that they had gone out safely, or with but small loss. Gen. A. P. Hill, who was a division commander under Gen. Jackson, had more of the appearance of a on neither coat nor yest, and what clothes he did wear were the color of a Virginia "big road." He wore a slouch hat and rode a dun-colored horse. Gen. Jackson had his clothes on, which were of the regulation Confederate gray, with

or black hor Now, I have described Gens, Jackson and Hill as I remember them to have appeared 27 years ago. But our memories are not infallible, hence the controversies between comrades from 24 to 28 years ago. We then saw battles from different standpoints. We often marched Century and in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, are and camped and fought in cloudy weather, characterized by a rigid adherence to truth, a without a proper location of the points of the compass. Let us once get it firmly into our heads to impossible to remove the delusion. I remember marching one cloudy day from Frederick City in the direction of Ellicott City, Md. was made to understand that we were going east, yet if I did not watch myself closely l would speak of the point of the compass ahead of us as west, when I knew better.

After the 60th Ohio-a one-year regimentwas mustered out of the service, I re-enlisted in and persons of the historic city of Knoxville. I believe the 1st Tenn. Cav. was Col. Jim erate Cav. to a regimental duel in open field, and that when our military authorities "got on to it," it came near costing Col. Brownlow his

commission. Who knows anything about that? ace Maynard. The latter could often be seen and save their further waste of time over it. For the satisfaction of Mr. Clayberger and the "eye-witnesses," I will be glad if you will publish the accompanying affidavit.—CECIL CLAY, heart grows tender with the memory of eye heart grows tender with the memory of eye heart grows tender with the memory of eye. on the Gay-street sidewalks, near his office and with all his strength hurled it through,

versation with a friend. and was acting Quartermaster and Commissary of that post. They went to hold a political meeting, as Mr. Brownlow had a short time previous been nominated for Governor of Tennessee. They both made speeches from the platform in front of my warehouse. Maynard's speech was calm, earnest and argumentative, while that of Mr. Brownlow was fiery and epithetical to the last degree. He was then very fleshy, so that I had to assist him in removing his cloak, yet he would lean upon the table in front of him and score those Tennessee rebels and their sympathisers till we could almost see the blood running out of them. He

ish. He was a grand old man. I well remember Fort Sanders, but I am sorry to say that we got there a year too late to be competent witnesses as to whether cotton was used in its defense.

One morning in October, 1864, while we were stationed at Knoxville, I was ordered to appear immediately at the headquarters of Gen. stoneman, who was then in command of that post. I could not tell what was the matter, but expected to be drawn and quartered before escaping from the presence of that august and weather-beaten warrior. I obeyed orders, and promptly reported at the office of the General, who immediately ordered me under arrest for the alleged crime of changing the location of a cer of the Guard the day before, but the change of picket-post had been made several days before. Of this I soon convinced the General, who let

J. W. Dalzell, 12th Ohio Cav., Columbiana, O., asks what has become of Gen. Stoneman? He has been in California for several years, and has recently retired from the office of Governor

A. J. Burgess, 18th Ohio Battery, Centerville, Iowa, asks the address of Lieut. Chestnut, 18th Battery. It is probably Samuel Chestnut, Joliet, Ill. I may hereafter have something to say by way of reminiscences of our soldier life in

other parts of the South .- F. M. THOMAS, M.

D., 2d Ohio H. A., Samantha, O.

AN HISTORIC BRIGADE. It Furnished Grant, Carlin, Cruft, Sedgwick and

Kirby. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: As I long have labored under a delusion I write this. I have long thought that the only one left from the About the time referred in the comrade's ar- First Brigade, First Division, Fourth Corpsthe brigade that had such men as U. S. Grant, W.

after giving positive orders that no more should | see anything in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE may know, when I say that on departing from | Comrade R. B. Wright, of the 21st Ill., has | graver duties with "Army Talks" to my comthe gallery I took one of the photos with me, come to the front and asks someone to describe place in my old army album, which lies open | requests. All the painters on earth could not paint the horrors of that charge; neither all As I now recall her appearance, I should say the demons this side of hell depict or deshe was rather above the medium hight, and | scribe the fury of the same. I was a member with a well-rounded figure. The picture I have of the 101st Ohio, and our regiment was your shows no great beauty of face, and that she support during that charge. We were ordered of skirt so in vegue at that period. At her extent that they forgot that they had the power a "carry," while to her left is a tall Corporal lives-the time when the wild rabbit sought the guard in charge of her when in the gallery | pany was placed on picket that night. My post belonged to the 58th Ohio; at least they were | was by a small cedar tree, and my orders were not to fire, no difference how many Johnnies I might see, unless fired upon first. When dawn began to at the picket-line? As I remember, it was there | break on the 31st of December I found that she was first detected .- John L. Mathews, four dead men of the 21st Ill. lay within one step of the tree where I was standing, and well do I remember your lame Chaplain (Wilson), and his efforts to relieve his men, and I often think the 21st Ill. had the best Chaplain in the army. On the morning of the 31st I did not asked a young man of Officer Button at the | have long to meditate on the destructiveness of war, for the Johnnies opened on us, and the "Yes, sir. What is it? Why, sir, you are | 101st lost 212 men on that day out of 420. I was mustered out at the end of the war, and although in many other fights, think that we | The judgment, skill and energy shown by you in saw the elephant at Stone River. Now let someone else write, for I love to read and conceit in my eye? I speke to you right of those olden times. -GEO. S. McKee, Carrothers, O.

Steering Through Life. [New York Weekly.]

Servant-"Two gentlemen at the door want to see you, sir. They didn't come together; just happened along at the same time." Householder-"How do they act?" "One of 'em is awful polite, sir, and begs the

honor of a few minutes' conversation. "I don't want to see him; he's doubtless got something to sell." "The other, sir, is stiff as a ramrod, sir, and don't waste no words." "He must have a bill. Tell 'em both I'm

not at home." Lawyers may be poets; they write lots of

versus."-Boston Bulletin.

THE 78TH IND.

Engaged in Sherman's Army. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: When Sher-1st R. I. Cav., Salem, Mass., and Comrade Darrow, 12th Ill. Cav., concerning the services of these regiments at Harper's Ferry and elselead was given to the 75th Ind., and within had just returned frum skool, and were relatin' three miles of Goldsboro the rebel pickets were tew their mother the insults they had endured skirmishers, and, after driving the enemy from | clothes. One year and a haf before, when the every stand they made, after a seven or eight- cry "To arms!" resounded over our fare land, field, where they made the last stand. Here hed the strong arm of a loving husband tew the 75th was formed into line, and with the lene upon. But now how different! days we were very anxious as to the fate of the two companies still in advance they made a Robert Dale had been a good man, and he gallant charge, driving the enemy out of their | had idolized his wife and children. Mattie, works and through the town.

cowboy than that of a Major-General. He had camp on the outskirts of the place. The boys out of the war Robert Dale was earning \$2.50 the stars on the collar of coat and embroidery on the sleeves. His conversation and bearing gave us the impression that he was a humane Knocking the head of one of the barrels in he and honorable gentleman. He were short, stood by it with a tin cup and treated the wages a soljer got. The man that held the dark iron-gray whiskers, and rode a dark brown whole regiment, and in an hour or so every mortgage was a stern, hard, money-loving man, concerning military events which took place | wanted it, and for the rest of the day the 75th | side. But the heavy hand of affliction was lade Ind, had a circus all to itself.

During the forenoon I got the impression that | jack. Donning these suits they were soon pa-we were going due west, but later in the day I | rading through camp and raising "Old Nick." | her and cried: "Oh, my children, ye are orfans—sad, deso-Gen. Baird called to the boys, and in a most | late orfans.' ticle of Comrade W. R. Carter, 1st Tenn. Cav., | had a jolly time singing songs, telling stories | skool. my memory is refreshed as to some of the scenes | and sampling the applejack in their canteens | Brownlow's regiment. During the war there of them, uncovering a long box, kicked the lid Nelly-it seemed as if her heart was broken. was a story going that Col. Brownlow had challenged the Colonel of the 1st Tenn. Confed-grinning skeleton, strung together with wire was sobbing violently. and as frightful looking an object as one could

himself, he yelled to the rest of us: "Here, boys, is a --- rebel hiding from us. I well remember Parson Brownlow and Hor- Let's send him down among the boys," and

In March, 1865, he and the old Parson went arms and legs outstretched just as if flying. with kisses. Mrs. Dale looked amazed. up to Strawberry Plains, whither I had gone, | On many battlefields those boys had seen their | but when that skeleton dropped down among had faced the cannon's mouth without flinch-them they slid out and left that spot in a ing, but when he saw his wife lying there so hurry. What happened after this some of the | white and deth-like his hart almost stood still. other boys will have to tell, for it was my first tussle with applejack, and he got the heels of he cried. "Run, children, for help. Go tell me. I was one of the kids of the late unpleas- | Peggy Fletcher to cum quick." antness, and at that time had seen nearly three years' service, and was only some months past my 18th birthday.

Next morning we were drawn up in a solid square, and Gen. Baird read to us the glorious news of Lee's surrender. How the boys went for Isham G. Harris with an especial rel- | cheered. I tried to, but couldn't. Hats went up into the air; mine would not stay on anyhow. In fact, it was several sizes too small for me. I saw others of the 75th stretching their is a record second to none. - LEW GINGER, Co. opened her eyes. F, 75th Ind., Rawlins, Kan.

CRITICIZING CAPEHART.

Dr. Foster's Claim to Saving the Train in the Shenandeah Valley. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Your admirsketches of the early campaigns in the Shenanpicket-post at the foot of Gay street near the | doah Valley, in which Gens. Banks and Stone- | waiting tew rite tew his wife. He was nothdepot of the E. T., Va. & Ga. R. R. I had been Offi- | wall Jackson were the chief figures, which is | ing but a reck, but the same manly loving

> the early days of the war of the rebellion. the Union army, for the rescue of which I was rison. Mattie and Nelly grew up to be an onor Hatch, commanding the Federal cavalry.

> earned meed of his deservings, nor would those | prisoner. Sum one remarked to me one day, to whom all the credit of this rescue has coolly | says they: been assigned willingly wear the laurels that are justly due another. It is Lord Byron, I think, who pungently

said, "Fame is to be killed in battle and have tain it is that to get one's deserts and to retain them when secured requires a bright lookout. | call airth angels.—Tom Fletcher's Wife. "For to beg, to borrow and get one's own

'Tis the very worst world that ever was known." With other things learned through our war experiences, could we but go through it all again with that acquired wisdom, we would all be careful that the "good things" we had occasion to do for our country should be jealously looked after and carefully maintained. We appreciate now that wordly wisdom which made much of the "Army Correspondent" and was provident in the prominence and preservation of "the bubble reputation."

Amid the demands of an absorbing profession for 20 years, I have at intervals lightened my rades and their friends of many Grand Army Posts of central and western New York. One of these is entitled "At Hide and Seek with Stonewall," and the incidents of this are largely

made up of the rescue of this large wagon-train. As I am a Parson now of 20 years' standing, I am a little sensitive that THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE should overlook altogether my part therein, and thus almost impeach my truthful- he was suddenly called on to conclude the inth only being open. We held a large force of the enemy there until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5:30 o'clock, the time of the enemy there are until 5 permit a rehearsal of the incidents and participants of this game of hide-and-seek played successfully with the great marcher and flanker, Stonewall." If you will grant me a column in the early future, it will give me pleasure to tell the true story of those three nights and three days in the saddle, and the twisting of this ong, snakelike train from Mosby's outstretched hands in the rear and Jackson's balked attempts to head us off at the front. Meanwhile, lest it may seem that I claim too much, please print herewith the kindly-thought-of letter of Gen. Hatch, sent me upou his retirement from active service, which his gallantry and good judgment honored for nigh 40 years' continued devotion to duty:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18, 1888. Col. James P. Foster, Geneva, N. Y.
My Dear Colones: it gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to your soldierly qualities when you, then a Captain, served under my command. eavalry-train of over 40 wagons, guarding it with | safe and selfish, but it often answers. your troop of the 5th N. Y. Cav., and conducting it by a circuitous route through a mountainous country to a ford of the Potomac has always been affairs of that unfortunate episode in our military | lation.

I regret that you continue to suffer from the wounds afterwards received when holding a higher command. This is, however, the case of many disability from wounds. Hoping you may receive from a just Government the recognition to which | Compound Oxygen. I surprise myself almost I remain, truly, your friend,

JOHN P. HATCH, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A. -JAMES P. FOSTER, Geneva, N. Y. An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dysof the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam-as the case may be -is what you require. Hasten to use blood medicine, is maintained by daily cures. | your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

MRS. DALE'S TROUBLES.

It Does the Last Fighting in Which Infantry is Trial and Suffering Ended by a Joyful Surprise. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "The poor is hated by his own nabor, but the rich have many ond Brigade, Third Division, in advance. The | Her two little girls, aged eight and ten years, encountered. Cos. A and F were sent ahead as on account of their faded and patched but clene mile running fight, pushed them into Smith- Mrs. Dale was in different circumstances. She

the eldest, was the very image of her father. Our advance was here checked by the rebels Dark with hare like the raven's wing. But firing the large covered bridge across the river | Nellie. The little golden haired darling was north of the town, and the regiment went into | the picture of her mother. At the brakeing were highly complimented by Gen. Baird, our division commander, and also by Gen. Davis. a day working at his trade, and trying to pay a mortgage of \$150 on his little home. But he Tom Cartwright, of our company, struck a | quietly lade aside his tools, shouldered his gun bonanza in the shape of three barrels of apple-jack, which he found hidden under a pile of dent and tried in every way she cood to lay up man in the company, including officers, were feeling "glorious." I believe one man in the the mortgage was forclosed and she was ordered regiment was sober. He was on guard at the tew go. She was a brave little woman and Quartermaster's, half a mile away. After the | bore up under that misfortune with a strong first drink Tom filled the canteens of all who hart, for it was her nature to look on the brite on her slender frame at last. After that awful Now, right here happened something very Seven Days fite of the Wilderness, news reached funny. In a large three story building near where my regiment lay, the Odd Fellows had a seen him fall, but when they buried the ded odge-room, and another organization, the Sons | he was wrapped in a blanket which had his that a certain direction is north, and it is next of Malta, occupied the upper story. Handsome name on it, and so, of course, there was no quesregalias, masks, robes and dresses were stored | tion that he was ded. One of his comrades rote in the lodge-room, and these were appropriated | to her telling her of his deth. When she reby the boys, who were full of fun and apple- ceived the sad news she drew her children to

kindly voice told them to have all the fun they | Six months of weary toil had begun to tell wanted, but not destroy any property. He on Mrs. Dale. She had worked hard all day told them that they had done well that day, | trying tew finish some sewing she had on hand and that they might consider themselves privi- tew get money tew pay her rent. Her hed was leged characters. After a number of the boys | throbbing with pane, when her tew children the 2d Ohio H. A., and we spent a part of our had got pretty tired they lay down in the cum in and were relating tew her the insults time at Knoxville, Tenn. In reading the ar- shade of the large building (Odd Fellows) and that had been heeped upon them that day at

Jennie Tice and Milly Wood had made fun of very often. Three or four of the boys, includ- their close and sneered at their poverty. Mating myself, were up in the top story, and one | tie's eyes flashed with indignation, but poor "Oh, papa, papa," she cried, "why did you come upon unexpectedly. Quickly recovering | leve us?

"The poor is hated of his own nabor, but the rich have many friends," repeated Mrs. Dale. She lade aside her work and started to go seizing the skeleton he rushed to the window, | tew Nelly tew comfort her. But there was a nock at the dore. Mrs. Dale turned tew open it and, lo, there stood a man dressed in uni-The tipsy boys down below hearing the crash | form. "Oh, it is my papa; it is my papa," up, and, Great Scott! there came a cried both children, and they thru their arm ghastly skeleton down toward them, with around him and covered his hands and face "Has the grave given up its ded? Hevenly comrades fall dead and dying by scores, and Father, I thank Thee," sed she, and fell in never so much as turned an eye to the rear; | a ded faint at her husband's feet. Robert Dale

> "Oh, my darling, I hev killed you with joy," I never will forget how darling little Nelly looked when she cum flying in crying, "Aunt Peggy, cum quick. Papa has cum and mama

is dead. I flew rather than walked. When I got tew the house Mr. Dale had lade his wife on the bed and was rubbing her hands and arms. "Oh, Aunt Peggy," sed he as he grasped my hand, "I fere I have killed my darling."] stepped to the bed and looked at her. "Your hats over stumps. Many of them could not get | wife has fainted, Robert," sed I. "Joy seldom their hats on even with the aid of a shoe-spoon. | kills." I got some water and throwed in her Seventy-fifth Ind., glorious old regiment, yours | face and put some camfire to her nose. She

"Hev I bin dreming?" she asked. "No, darling." sed Robert, as he reeched out his arms and clasped her to his brest. Reder, the scene that followed is tew sacred

tew be ritten here. Suffice it tew say that another man had been buried in Robert Dale's blanket; hence the story of his deth. He was able soldiers' paper has of late contained some | taken prisoner, and when he was exchanged he got a furlo' and started for home without pleasant reading to all vets and has a peculiar | hart still beet in his brest. Mrs. Dale nursed interest to those who followed these leaders in | him tenderly till he was able to go back to his company. He succeeded in getting his dis-Your correspondent and subscriber now ad- charge at last, and cum home tew stay, never dressing you was then a Captain in the 5th N. | tew be separated agin till the grim messenger Y. Cav., and claims to have been a somewhat | calls. Over a score of years have passed, and important factor in that part of Banks's retreat | they are happy in each other's love. One boy which was connected with the bringing out of | cum to briten their home that is an onor to a large train of 42 army wagons belonging to his sire, and he with his father voted for Harsent under direct orders of Brig.-Gen. John P. | to society. They are married, and, would you believe it? they married the brothers of the Your crisp correspondent, Dr. (formerly Gen- | very girls that made fun of their clothes that eral) Capehart, who writes of these incidents, day at school. There aint very many days would not, I am sure, wittingly take from a passes but what they make the hart of some former comrade (and he a hard-riding cavalry- | poor little girl glad. They never forgot the man of the gallant 5th N. Y.) any of the hardly- dark days they saw when their papa was a

"Aunt Peggy, don't you think that Mattie and Nelly are tew good for this world." "Oh, I don't know," sez I. "This is a pretty good world. It's the people that's in it is whar your name misspelled in the newspapers." Cer- the difficulty is. But really," sez I, "Mattie and Nelly are good women. They are what I

Currying Favor with the Rebels. A comrade sends, with an indignant protest, ome specimens of the advertising cards issued by a certain iron tonic patent medicine company to advertise their wares in the South, These contain portraits of Jeff Davis and his daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, the object of course being to commend the remedy to the inreconstructed rebels in the South. We think that this is certainly a very obnoxious way of advertising, but doubtless it is suited to the peculiar temper of the people who live in Dixie.

> Plain Praying. [Hartford Courant.]

A Hartford clergyman tells this anecdote: Early in life, while occupying another charge, he invited a clergyman whom the unregenerate would call conceited and dull to preach in his pulpit. During the sermon our Hartford himself as the humblest of his Creator's instruments, and forgetting that he had not delivered the sermon, he began with "We beseech Thee to accept the weak and feeble effort that has been addressed to Thee and more richly to endow Thy servant in the graces he so greatly lacks."

Becoming Americanized. [Phiadelphia Record.] Citizen-Don't you know, Mr. Ah Sin, that if you kill that enemy of yours you will be hanged? Ah Sin (vengeful laundryman)-No, I allee lightee. I gottee money. I go loonee 'sylum

A Proxy. In our more exacting moods, when anything s presented for personal investigation, we seem to expect our neighbors to try it first; and are willing to trust to the effect the trial has upon rescuing from the confusion of Banks's retreat the | them. Gaining experience by proxy, this is

Since you demand a proxy, observe, please, the subjoined testimony of a neighbor in regard considered by me as one of the most creditable | to Drs. Starkey & Palen's treatment by inha-"NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 23, 1888. "I hardly dare tell you how wonderfully I

have been blessed this fall and winter thus far, others, who find with increased age an increased | and how much I have been enabled to perform every day in the amount of labor I perform in comparison to last summer; it seems almost a miracle to me. I have exceeded all my hopes of one year ago. I remain your grateful patient, "MRS. LYDIA B. CHACE."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages, regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, petic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions | dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the | charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & street, San Francisco, Cal.

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